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**The Harmonic olio**

**London**

**[1800]**

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**Title : The Harmonic olio : embracing all the new songs, as they  
come out at the different theatres.**

**Imprint : London : Printed by and for T. Wallis, [18--]**

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— 15s and Two-pence. —

THE  
**Harmonic Olio.**

EMBRACING ALL THE  
**NEW SONGS,**



As they come out of the  
**THEATRES**

**LONDON:**

PRINTED BY AND FOR E. WALLIS, HAMPTREAD.

And sold by R. Walker, 90, High Holborn, Perks,  
21, St. Martin's Lane, Mrs. Peter, 12, Old Compton  
street, solo, Jackson, 3, Thayer street, Man-  
chester square.



## Liberty and Love.

### SLOW MOVEMENT.

A SOLEMN stillness reigns around,  
Save when the vaulted roofs resound  
With echoes to my mournful strain,  
And then in silence rest again.

### CANZONET.

Oh ! shall these eyes e'er revisit the light,  
Or must I hope's vision resign  
Oh ! when shall my dear one again bless my  
sight,  
And rapture and freedom be mine.

### HUNTING MOVEMENT.

But when once more with freedom blest,  
I hear the hills resounding ;  
The wolf may leave his cavern'd rest,  
O'er trackless mountains bounding !  
Then in the chase new joys I'll prove,  
When blest with liberty and love.

-----

## Oh ! Give me liberty of Mind.

FROM gaudy scenes, and splendid lot,  
I fly to humbler fare,  
To find beneath the peasant's cot  
Content and freedom there :  
For if a spot there can be found  
Where true content may be,  
'Tis surely on that envied ground  
Where woman's heart is free !

Oh ! give me then through life to dwell,  
 With liberty of mind,  
 In some lone, shed or moss green cell  
 Which pride may never find !  
 And I will quit the glittering state  
 Which boasts no charms for me,  
 But joyous live, and bless the fate  
 That bids my heart be free !

-----

### Bright Sun.

BRIGHT sun ! I adore thee, when rising  
 sublime  
 From the snow cover'd mountain thou  
 shed'st thy first ray ;  
 Can this heart be cold—tho' unconscious of  
 crime,  
 While nature around breathes sweet grati-  
 tude's lay ?

Ah ! what is the warmth of thy radiance  
 divine,  
 Compar'd to the glow of the bosom at rest ?  
 Ah ! what are thy rays which refulgently shine,  
 Compar'd to the sunshine that beams on the  
 breast ?

Bright sun ! 'tis in vain that thy splendour is  
 shed,  
 O'er the mountain's green bosom—o'er  
 flow'ret or tree,  
 In vain do they warm rays descend on my  
 head,  
 They bring no reviving sensation to me.



## Is there a Heart that never lov'd ?

IS there a heart that never lov'd,  
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh ?  
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd  
 Dear woman's tearful eye ?—  
 Oh ! bear him to some distant shore  
 Or solitary cell,  
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
 Where love ne'er design'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
 A language in her tear,  
 A spell in every sacred sigh  
 To Man—to virtue dear.  
 And he who can resist her smiles,  
 With brutes alone should live,  
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—  
 That joy her virtues give.

-----

## Captain Noraghon and Paddy Holloway.

ARRAH ! what a big nose had the beld Cap-  
 tain Noraghon,  
 Pat Holloway he pull'd it—'till he made him  
 to roar again ;  
 Whack fal de diddle, shoot him thro' the  
 middle,  
 Whack fal de diddle, well-a-day,  
 Wack fal de de diddle, captain thro' the mid-  
 dle,  
 Och ! shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they, chose me, for their seconds, and I  
     gave my word to both,  
 For second man, to two men, is one man, that's  
     third, to both.

Whack, &c.

We met by a duck-pond, Cries Captain Nora-  
     ghon,  
 Pat Holloway, I'll shoot you, you never shall  
     snore again.

Whack, &c,

The Captain miss'd Pat, for it was not a lucky  
     shot.  
 Pat Holloway fired next, and a very find duck  
     he shot.

Whack, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em, 'twas full  
     time to take it up,  
 For a duel now is one shot a piece, and then  
     they make it np.  
 Whack fal de diddle, shoot him thro' the  
     middle,  
     Whack fal de diddle, well-a-day,  
 Whack fal de diddle, shake each other's dad-  
     dle,  
 And fast friends they walk'd away.

-----

### Thinks I to Myself.

THINKS I to myself, thinks I,  
     This is a comical age we find,  
 Our neighbour's faults all of us spy,

But to our own faults are blind ;  
 So poor Mrs. Muz, alas !  
 Who censured for ever Miss MOTTLE,  
 For looking so oft in the glass,  
 Forgot that she look'd in the bottle.

(SPOKEN). 'Mrs. Muz, you don't seem well, what's the matter?' (imitating a drunken woman) 'O sir, I'm troubled with a consumption of the spirits.'—Yes, I see you labour under a consumption of the spirits.—'Yes, sir, it often comes upon me,' I dare say it does,—'Yes sir; and do you know the world is wicked enough to say that—Oh! Oh! (crying). O, if that's the case—

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
 No wonder she's blind with a drop in her eye.

There's Truck, the shopkeeper, cries,  
 How Bullock, the butcher, swears !  
 And forgets what a parcel of lies  
 He tells to sell his own wares ;  
 Says Dough, 'Salmon's fish isn't sweet.'  
 The coalman remarks with pleasure,  
 'Dough's bread's very seldom weight,'  
 While Dough says, 'his coals are bad measure.'

(SPOKEN). Was you ever at the Buz and Mum club, at the Wig and Watch Box? that's the place for neighbours fare. (All the conversation in different voices.) 'Chair, chair, the president's toast,'—'Confusion to back-

biting, gentlemen,'—' Bravo ! where's neighbour Snip, this evening ? that's a good natur'd fellow, but monstrously given to cabbage'--- Yes, give him an inch he'll take an ell, and no man beats him at fine-drawing a bill [here Mr. Snip enters]. ' Ah ! brother Snip, your worship was the last man in our mouths.'---' You done me a great deal of honor, gentlemen.'--- ' O yes, we always does our friends justice.--- Brother Barnacle, are you going ?'---' Must, must, good night !' ' Good bye, my hearty fellow.---Is he gone ? ' Yes.' ' That Barnacle's a queer fellow--I say, Snip, did you twig his wife last Sunday with Razor, the cutler ?'---Hush ! Razor's at the top of the table ' ' O, if that's the case, I'm mum, but I'll be shot if the last boy's nose belongs to the spectacle maker, for all that.' ' I sees through that joke, brother Bright---aye, you're a deep one, he ! he ! he ! ---the toast stands, gentlemen. " Confusion to back-biters.'

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
It's all neighbours fare, and rubs off when  
it's dry.

Professions like puffs are wind,  
Words butter no parsnips, O !  
I'm glad you're come, means, you'll oft find,  
I shall be very glad when you go :  
Miss Prim she calls on Miss Prue,  
Who's transported with rapture to meet  
her ;  
But the moment her back his in view,  
Cries, " there's no getting rid of that  
creter."

(SPOKEN IN DIFFERENT VOICES.) Bless me, who's coming ? that eternal gossip, Mrs. Whifmejig, and her nasty pug dog ; provoking !--- ' My dear Mrs. Whifmejig, I am so glad to see you.'---' My dear Mrs. Nibbs, you do me infinite honour---pompy, get off the white sofa with your dirty feet.' ' O, the dear kreter, let him amuse himself,' (ASIDE) ' I wish he was in the duck pond---I hope you mean to stay dinner?---nay you shall I insist upon it,'---' If you must know I came on purpose,'---(ASIDE), I thought so, one can never have a nice tit bit, but she's sure to poke in her nose---' Betty, don't dress the ortolans till supper---rat-a-tat-tat!!! dang the door, it is alive I think---' Is your master at home?'---' Measter do say he be not at home, sir.'---' Why, blockhead, if he says so, he must be at home, and I hear him at the top of the stairs.'---' Thunder and turf! can't you be after believing the man, I tell you I'm gone out these two hours.'

Thinks I to myself, thinks I,  
Ti diddle de dum, ti diddle de di.

-----

## New Blessings, new Life.

NEW blessings, new life, ye impart,  
So oft' as this tribute is giv'n,  
The pray'r of the dutiful heart,  
Like incense, arises to heav'n.  
For this, thro' your mortal estate,  
In peace shall ye walk hand in hand,

Your joys shall be many and great,  
Your days shall be long in the land.

From the lastre of piety's eye,  
From fervent of devotion's bright ray,  
The demons of sorrow all fly,  
The shadows of grief melt away.  
The bosom no longer shall bleed,  
From the shafts of remorse, or of care,  
And the visions of hope shall succeed,  
To the heart rending dream of despair.

-----

I'll say yes when I'm Ask'd.

A MAIDEN there was, who was silly and shy,  
And she look'd like a fool when her lover  
was nigh,

Yet she knew not why.

He ask'd her one day if to church she would  
go,

She blush'd more than ever and curtsied low,

And she answered no---

But it was with a sigh

And she knew not why!

The youth in his turn now grew shy of the  
maid;

He courted another who was not afraid,

And who yes soon said;

she saw them go by---she repented at last---

Oh, ho! the next time---(she exclaimed as they  
pass'd)---

I'll say yes when I'm ask'd;

And she spoke with a sigh,

And she well knew why!

---

## The Night before Larry was stretched.

THE night before Larry was stretched,  
DE boys they all PED him a visit ;  
Bait too in their sacks they all fetch'd,  
And sweated their duds till they rise it ;  
For Larry was ever the lad,  
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,  
He'd sweat all the duds that he had,  
To help his poor friend to a sneezer,  
And warm his Gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,  
They drew all their stools round about him,  
Nine GLIMS round his TRAP-CASE were plac'd,  
For he could not be well wak'd without 'em ;  
When one of us ask'd could he die,  
Without having truly repented,  
Says Larry that's all in my eye  
And only by gownmen invented,  
To get a fat bit for DIRESELVES.

I'm sorry dear Larry says I,  
To see you in this situation,  
And blister my limbs if I lie,  
But I'ds live it had been my own station ;  
Ochhóne, 'tis all over says he,  
For the neck-cloth I'll surely put on,  
And by this time to-morrow you'll see,  
Poor Larry as dead as the mutton,  
BEKASE why his courage was good.

And I'll be cat up like a pye,  
And my napper from my body parted,

Why you're in the wrong box then says I,  
For damn me if I dare be so ill-hearted ;  
A chalk on the back of your neck,  
Is all that Jack Ketch dare give you,  
But mind not such matters a feck,  
For let not the like of them grieve you,  
So boys come tip us the DECK.

The cards being called for they play'd,  
'Till Larry found one of them cheated,  
A dart at his napper he made,  
The boy he being easily heated ;  
And he swore by the holy you tief,  
I'll splinter your skull with my daddle,  
You cheat me bekase I'm in grief,  
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,  
And tip you your claret to drink.

In comes the gownsman with his book,  
He spoke him so neat and so civil,  
Larry tipt him a bloody sour look,  
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil ;  
But rising a little his head,  
And taking a sup out of the bottle,  
He sighing most bitterly said,  
O ! the hemp will be soon round my trottle,  
And squeeze my poor wind-pipe to death.

So melting those last words he spoke,  
Our grief it found vent in a shower,  
As for my part I taught my heart broke,  
To see him cut down like a flower ;  
On his travels I watch'd him next day,  
The ' trotler ' I taught I could kill him,  
But Larry not one word did say,  
Nor chang'd 'till he came to King William,  
And den why his colour grew ' white.'



O what a fine ting 'dat's to die,  
 O the devil a better a living ;  
 For when you're on a gallows that's high,  
 Your journy's the shorter to heaven ;  
 But what grieves poor Larry the most,  
 And that makes his soul melancholy,  
 Is that time when his ghost,  
 Will appear in a sheet to sweet Molly,  
 O ! sure it will kill her alive.

When he came to the rumble and chit,  
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty,  
 The rumbler shov'd off from his feet,  
 And he died with his face to the city ;  
 He kick'd too, but that was all pride,  
 For you soon may know it was over,  
 For when 'dat the noose was untied,  
 At home we ' wak'd' him in clover,  
 And sent him to take a 'ground sweat,'

(SPOKEN). ' Of nine hundred and ninety-nine  
 years lease of the Hospital Fields, your souls.'

....  
**Larry's Ghost.**

WHEN Molly then heard the sad story,  
 That Larry her boy was no more,  
 She vented her grief in a flurry,  
 And went into a damnable uproar ;  
 O the devil take judges and all,  
 That took my poor Larry away,  
 And left me here for to bawl,  
 And buried poor Larry in clay,  
 BEKAUSE why he had'nt the CHINK.

But when the dark night did appear,  
 And Molly to bed she did go,

Poor TING she was frightened with fear,  
For Larry came in white as snow ;  
He says first to Moll in a minute,  
Give Larry a sup of the bottle,  
When he toss'd off ev'ry drop that was in it,  
He said it would soople his trottle,  
For he could get none where he lodged.

O then I will tell you the cause,  
That brought you poor Larry to shame,  
I'ts not indeed so much the kings laws,  
As the bloody Police that I blame,  
When I asked one to take off a quart,  
And told him how I got the money,  
Says he then with all my heart,  
I have no objection my houey,  
So down we sat to the CREATURE.

But when the liquor began,  
To work in our stomachs a power,  
I says tell me Poley my man,  
The reason you don't cry the hour ;  
I believe that a body might guess,  
The old custom why you do'nt keep,  
For if you had such distress,  
Poor Poley indeed could not sleep,  
So Larry was nabbed in a minute.

When Larry had ended his story,  
Which he to Molly did relate,  
She says, O MUSH A HONNUM EN DOUL,  
But all could not alter her fate,  
For when the day light did appear,  
The Ghost it did scamper away,  
And left poor Molly in tears,  
For Larry her love could not stay,  
To Soften the care of her life.



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OR THE  
**WITCRACKER'S**  
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